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Puck

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THE CIGAR MAKERS' STRIKE.

Puck: "If these are the things I've got to smoke, I'll strike, myself."



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## THE ERL KING.

(WITH DUE APOLOGIES TO MR. GOETHE.)

WHO rides so late through the night wind wild?  
 It's Rutherford pa with his darling child;  
 He holds in his arms, to keep it warm,  
 His own little Civil Service Reform.

"My boy, why so frightened dost hide thy face?"  
 "See, father, where Conkling is rushing apace,  
 Old Roscoe C. and his New York train!"  
 Said Rutherford, low: "He's got 'em again,"

"Little chap, little chap, come go with me,  
 My fellow-fakers shall wait on thee;  
 Thou shalt rest thee in slumber mid joys serene,  
 And watch the work of our big 'machine.'"

"My father, my father, and seest thou not  
 Old Cameron there in yon dark spot?  
 It's Simon himself, and I heard him say,  
 'I'll be an ambassador bold some day!'"

"O father, another I hear and see;  
 And he's looking at thee and winking at me!  
 'It's Hugh J. Hastings—oh, watch him blow!  
 Oh, what does he mean by 'puffing' thee so?'"

The father groaneth—he rideth wild;  
 He holds in his arms the sobbing child;  
 Arrived at the "White House," with fear and dread,  
 Close in his arms, the child lay dead.

## SIMON CAMERON.

THE extraordinary chicken evolved from the Pennsylvania delegation egg is astonishing the country. Is simple Simon, old Simon the senator, he of the amorous escapades with a fair widow in Washington, to be Envoy extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of St. James's?

PUCK doesn't know that he'd make a worse minister than Lady Mary Pierrepont, if not a much better one. He might become exceedingly popular. Fancy the havoc he would cause among all the dowager duchesses and peeresses in England's capital during the season. Perhaps after all it would be better not to let him go out of consideration for their feelings.

By the way, this Civil Service Reform business seems on a very unsatisfactory basis. Personal considerations seem to have a great deal to do with it. PUCK hasn't yet seen the wholesome clean-sweep of corrupt officers which he was led to expect from Hayes's assurances. The machine has "bust," but it is still sufficiently in working order to answer the purpose of some of the most unscrupulous and pertinacious wire-pullers.

THIS is an off season for the small boy. He can't eat green fruit and he can't fall through an ice-hole; so he hangs round the parlor and tells his sister's young man how much of Anna Maria's chiefest glory is hair and how much is jute switch.

## JENKINS AGAIN.

SCARCELY has the world recovered from the shaking up it experienced on the occasion of the marriage of a young man distinguished in polo, the son of nobody in particular, to a no doubt estimable young woman, the daughter of a Democratic banker-politician, when it is again much agitated by several other marriages of equally estimable young women to young men notable for nothing in particular.

The *Herald* and the *World* are likely to prove formidable rivals to the most "fashionable society" journals in chronicling such events in the true spirit of Jenkins. It is certainly of vast political and social importance that the public at large should know by special dispatch that a girl, saved from drowning, named Hunter, who happened to have an ancestor who was a surgeon, has married a man named Kane, who is a relative of another man who is a would-be Anglomaniac in coaching.

It is of equal national importance to learn that a respectable and intelligent young woman who has written verses, who is the daughter of a family very impecunious but lucky in matrimonial alliances, and who is lovely and accomplished—brides always are—has been taken to wife by a magazine writer, whose name is not "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Then, what language can express our deep gratitude to the daily paper that tells us that a youthful female Delano has been hitched on (we can't help the obvious pun) to one Hitch, who lives in Hong Kong, and that they are going there. They may go to Hong Kong, or to any other place, for that matter. We really have no objection; we have the welfare of all newly-married people at heart.

But these events are trivial, and sink into insignificance when the information is vouchsafed us that—yes, there can be no doubt about it—that an auctioneer who sells things in Clinton Hall has a son who has actually married a young woman, the daughter of an American citizen!

What are Centennials, or Democratic and Republican conventions compared to republican news such as this? We enjoy it; we revel in it. It is moral, intellectual, historical and fashionable pabulum; only we don't get quite enough to satisfy us. We long for more. Marriages are not infrequent in New York, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to send Jenkins to each one to report it at length. A triple-sheet might be devoted to the purpose.

## ASH-CART BELLS IN BAXTER STREET.

THE SPLICING OF BILL BUGGINS TO MISS SUKEY O'SNOOKS.

MR. BILL BUGGINS, the eminent street-sweeper, was united yesterday, in the bonds of matrimony, to Miss Sukey O'Snooks, of the scullery department of the gin-mill of Pat Maloney, Esq., of Baxter Street.

Mr. Buggins comes of an exceedingly illustrious family. The elder Buggins was a skillful artist with the jimmy, and spent many years of his life in delightful and well-earned retirement in a magnificent stone mansion, with high walls, at Sing Sing, on the Hudson. The grandfather of the groom reached a very high position in connection with hemp—he was cut off and down in the prime of life.

The blushing bride was the admired of all admirers, and the observed of all observers; her beautiful *nesretrousse*, and the exquisite symmetry of her pock-marked face creating a decided sensation. Her descent is in a straight line from Brian Boru. Her royal Irish father,

an exile of Erin, gave her away at once. She was richly attired in green damask pin-back, and her raven front was surmounted by a wreath of roses and cauliflowers, kept from "fetching way" by a breast-pin from the 99-cent store, in the Bowery.

The groom was simply clad in fashionable shirt-sleeves, and trowsers richly sprung with patent patched ventilating-shafts. The ceremony impressed him deeply, and had such an effect on his nervous system that he couldn't keep particularly steady, notwithstanding he had taken the precaution of fortifying himself with a pint of whisky for the trying ordeal.

The wedding breakfast was not over when we went to press. The toasts and speeches were models in their way, and several guests had the floor, and, from appearances, intended to keep it for some time.

## Puckerings.

ICE CREAM has kind of lost its grip, so to speak, as it were.

A BOSTON laborer deposited \$87 in a pile of lumber. He just discovered that it has been reduced to \$5 by rats. Lumber and rats are apparently safer than most savings banks.

TWEED announces that if he is released from prison, he will promise not to go into politics again. He sees a better field for the exercise of his peculiar talents in the bank president business.

MRS. FINKELSTONE gave birth to triplets, the other day, and now subscriptions are coming in. Isn't this an encouragement to the triplet business that may eventually lead to an embarrassment of riches?

THE Potato-bug is not dead yet. One of him knocked at the door of a Minnesota granger, and requested the loan of an ulster, promising the return about Murphy season of next year.

"PROVIDENCE has its own way of doing things," he said; "and doubtless there's a purpose in these things; but if I had been making man, in view of the exigencies of this special season, I would have put his nose somewhere where it wouldn't be so blamed conspicuous."

It takes the Boston papers get ahead of the world on news. Next thing you know, one of those enterprising sheets will have informed its readers that "Sedentary Taurine declines to resume his residence in the occident, and proposes to hibernate in Canada."

We read that a Missouri girl after drinking a bottle of lager went to bed and put the bottle by the side of the bed. Being aroused by a burglar in the night, she pointed the nozzle of the bottle at him, and the burglar, thinking she was going to shoot, fled. This shows the advantage of drinking a bottle of lager before going to bed.

JOAQUIN MILLER says that *Billy Piper* in "The Danites" is a true picture of himself and his life when a boy. This is very interesting, and, considering that *Billy Piper* in the play is a girl in disguise, we are absolutely overcome with awe, when we contemplate the golden beard of the Poet of the Sundown Seas.



## MEMOIRS OF A SUICIDE.

(CONCLUDED.)

THEN set the coal a-blazing; mixed a glass of hot grog, and sat back in my arm-chair to die. It promised to be a success. The coal crackled and sparkled delightfully, it got to be tremendously hot, the blood rushed to my head; a secret grim pleasure arose in my heart as I thought that at last I was getting the best of Fate; and I drank and died at a vigorous rate. At last a leaden heaviness sat upon my eyes. "Aha!" I thought, "now it's come." I leaned back and sank calmly into another and a better world.

I remember distinctly the feeling of contentment I had all night in knowing that I was really dead at last.

Who can describe my disappointment, then, the next morning, when I woke up and once more found myself alive and kicking. My rage knew no bounds, I couldn't understand the thing at all.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" I said, "is there *no* way to get rid of me?" I jumped up and looked around. The coals were burned to ashes, doors and windows were as air-tight as I had left them—even if I escaped the gas I ought to have died for want of air; but no—no—all the laws of nature were defied by me. The cause—the cause—oh, what could be the cause? Cursing in my fury, I looked about and found it. What do you suppose it was?

Donkey that I was—I hadn't turned the damper.

I vowed a sacred vow—I swore a solemn swear—never, never to love a red-headed girl again! Indeed, there is no color left for me to love, now; and until I find a head of hair with changeable tints I must get on, as best I can, without any love at all.

The sixth time I committed suicide—it was on account of debt.

I had lost all my money, and my creditor's wouldn't give me a moment's peace.

I should have got terribly enraged over this if the thought hadn't occurred to me, "this is provocation enough for you to commit suicide." This time I would attempt it without any accessory aids—they had always proved useless—and I struck upon the notion of starving to death. Starving! what an easy thing for a man in debt. I thought, and I set to work lustily. I locked myself up; refused to see my landlady at all, for fear she might have a ginger-snap or a shrimp concealed about her person; tore up several free-lunch tickets that I happened to have in my pockets—and, in short, began to starve at a delightful rate. I kept it up for three days—and my stomach fairly groaned a funeral march. There was only one thing that marred the pleasantness of my situation—I had such an awful appetite—an appetite, I assure you, of such dimensions, that I could have eaten live natives with extreme gusto.

And what do you suppose happened then? Can you imagine my anger when, on the morning of the fourth day, the letter-carrier handed me a formal invitation to a dinner?

It was from an old friend—old in years as well as in acquaintance—and one whom I looked up to to such an extent, that to decline an invitation to dinner would have been a positive insult. Besides, there was to be—and mushrooms for dinner—my most favorite of all dishes. What could I do? I had to go. I went. In my despair but one consolation remained.

"I shall eat myself to death!" I muttered, in my wrath. "Starvation wouldn't work; the direct opposite may!" There was something in that. Not having eaten anything in four days, my capabilities for food were something terrific; and of all the indigestible dishes, —

and mushrooms is the worst on an empty stomach. I rejoiced at the prospect; but what was the result? I had reckoned without the host. The latter must have been in a miserly mood—he wouldn't let me eat.

"Man alive," he exclaimed, "you will spoil your stomach!" This was after I had taken my third plate. Then he removed the dish.

I got sick; but kept alive. Groan as I might, I couldn't get over an attack of indigestion for a fortnight; and it *wouldn't*, absolutely would *not* kill me. And, what is saddest of all, I had to pay off every debt I had.

I became so infuriated in consequence, that I determined to vent my rage by committing suicide.

It was the seventh time. Having got through with all the complicated methods, I came to the simplest. I resolved on hanging.

In the positive anticipation of the rope's breaking, I resorted to every possible precaution to prevent it. I had a wire rope made to order on purpose, that could neither break nor be cut down, and it had a charming, most practical noose attached. I traveled to a strange city, took a room in a hotel, locked myself in, and hanged myself with such perfect unconcern, and so little ceremony, that I didn't even take time to get out of my ulster.

This time I had the consoling conviction of having at last met my death. There is a world of comfort to me in the knowledge that on this occasion, after all my previous failures, I had reached a full realization of my plans. I died very easily, too. I felt a slight want of air, and a strange desire to stick out my tongue. But after that all was over, and in perfect bliss, I passed into eternity.

All this would have been beautiful—but just listen to what happened. When bad luck freezes onto a man, he can do his level best and he can't shake it off. The waiter who came up to know what I would have for supper, found me. He untangled me, and the whole house assembled to see my corpse. And what happened then?

My unlucky star, my pernicious, unsquelchable unlucky star, had led me to a hotel where, by a confounded chance, an assemblage of surgeons and physicians were holding a council. Like vultures upon their prey, they pounced upon my poor corpse. Without the slightest consideration or mercy they set to work to bring me back to life. After one bottle of biters, my corpse began to twitch in the right big toe; then they put a glass of elixir to its lips, and it had so far come to life as to swallow it right down. On being immersed in a bath, it breathed freely, and when one of the fraternity capped the climax by pouring a bucketful of medicated slops over my head, I jumped up alive, and in terrible fury cried: "By the jumping Jehovah, can't you fellows give a man a rest, when he's been doing his damndest all his life to get it?" And I supplemented this remark by declaring that I shouldn't pay one blooming nickel for all their physicking. That brought them to their senses.

And here I am now, saved, and as alive as possible. Convinced of my enforced immortality, I know of no means to circumvent it. If any kind reader will so far come to my assistance as to recommend some infallible mode of death, I am ready to make any and every attempt. But the recipe must be warranted sound, else my case will prove too much for it. If I should not receive any satisfactory communication, I shall make one last attempt—to ride myself to death.

In closing, I must add that I have come to be known to my friends as D. Ed. Failure, on account of my proclivities and their unsatisfactory results. So whenever I may have occasion to address you again, it will be under that name.

## Answers for the Anxious.

SLADE.—Slide.

HASELTINE.—She knows best.

JEREMIAH.—Try it again—on some other editor.

L. McV.—There is nothing positively bad about your sketch. On the other hand, there is nothing positively good. But it is positively declined.

EFFIE DE L.—If you wanted to take our young affections captive, you shouldn't have sent us that poem. It was not entirely successful.

DE VERE.—You can hit the waste-basket every time out of a possible hundred. Now if you could only shoot your ambition and score as well, the world would be happier.

LULU.—Crochet us something, Lulu. Or invite us to come and hear you play the "Mabel Waltz." Those things are more in your line—the line of sweet and gracious womanhood—than paragraphs.

MONTAGUE.—Your genius needs solitude. The second row of basement cells in a freestone convent, situated somewhere about the centre of the desert of Sahara, would be a good place for you to settle in, to commune with the muse of Poesy.

T. L. SUGDEN.—What is the use of trying to raise paragraphs out of that brain of yours? Scoop out the cavity, fill it up with good arable soil, and use it for a fancy flower-pot. It would then be neat, unique, and useful. At present it rather handicaps you.

WAUKESHA.—There is one thing you gain by writing such poetry as "Autumn Flowers"—immunity from jury duty. You have only got to show some of your verses to the commissioners of jurors to make out a clear case of legal disability. You might safely commit homicide on the strength of your poetry. "Emotional idiocy" would be a neat and original variation on the usual plea.

L. H. B.—We cheerfully absolve you from any charge of impertinence, and are quite willing to regard you as a man of taste and appreciation. Only don't sling such a word as "fagination" at us. Don't do it again, or there'll be one man of taste and appreciation less in the world. We will defend our honor to the bitter end. As to your suggestion, it would be too late now, in any case, to carry it into effect. But be assured that it shall receive due consideration before we begin our next volume.

WEAVER.—You have a sensitive and poetic nature; we know it. Now, suppose you go out some balmy October evening, and sit on the margin of the placid lake, and muse over that "Autumn Idyll" you have sent us—muse over it with a view to alterations. Sit there long enough, Weaver; drink in the full beauty of the solemn hour. Perhaps you will catch cold, and be ill, and die. And then you will be rid of a cold and unsympathetic world; and the cold and unsympathetic world won't care a bit, either, Weaver.

B.—Indignant youth, we hereby register a solemn vow never to be funny again. Last week we made a little joke, in reply to your communication asking us why we gave no title-pages with the first number of the new volume of PUCK. We responded that we were not bound to do so—pun, you know—bound, as a book—bound, obliged—see? Twig? Before we made that unhappy joke, all we knew about you was that you couldn't read your title any clearer than "titel." Now we know that you are a very rude and profane person, that you can't see a pun, and that there are several words besides "title," that you cannot spell. And for this blow to our faith in human nature that joke is responsible. We will never make one again. No, it is with the most matter-of-fact directness that we reply to your second letter that our title-page and table of contents will be published at the end of the year, giving two volumes in one, and that for information about the Teutonic Puck you must apply to Mr. Leopold Schenck, the eminent German editor, who presides over those columns with characteristic grace and dignity.



## PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

### CHAPTER XIII.

LAFAYETTE FIXES HIMSELF IN UNION SQUARE. —THE ADAMS FAMILY FINDS THAT IT HAS FOUNDED A DYNASTY.—UNCLE SAM BEGINS TO SHOW HE HAS A NOTION OR TWO.—HENRY CLAY PROVED A REGULAR BRICK.—JOHN BULL'S WARES UNPROTECTED.—ANDREW JACKSON MAKES THINGS LIVELY.

OUR now great republic had never forgotten France for the boost she had given us when we were on the war-path.

How could we repay the kindness of that nation. Various means were suggested, and all were tried and found wanting in some particular.

Large orders for brandy were sent to France from America—but that wouldn't do. Although the practice of drinking spirits has been sedulously cultivated ever since, and is not on the decline, notwithstanding Murphy and his followers.

The ladies then took to wearing silk dresses and other expensive material of French manufacture. There are still evidences of this custom to be found in some of our cities, especially in New York, where the large wholesale and retail drygoods stores remain as monuments of the affection of the American maiden, wife, and mother, for la belle France.

But still we weren't satisfied, we hankered after something else. What was it? Old Lafayette suddenly took it into his head to pay us a visit. The problem had worked itself out—this was the man, and the hour had come.

No sooner was it noised throughout the country that Lafayette was coming when arrangements were made for giving him a benefit. E. A. Sothorn, Welsh Edwards, the *jeune premier* of the Grand Duke's Opera House, John Kelly, and Miss Imogene Vandyke constituted the committee.

It was decided that Lafayette be put up in Union Square—weather permitting—to which proposition Lafayette made no objection.



LAFAYETTE IMMORTALIZES HIMSELF.

While the city flashed in rivers of fire, and a canopy of star-spangled banners covered it from the Battery to Central Park, and Gilmore's band played a potpourri of "Mourir pour la patrie," "The Mulligan Guards," "Partant pour la Syrie," and "Hold the Fort," amid the cheers of thousands, whose lusty voices rent the air to such an extent that it had to come down in figure, Lafayette lifted himself on the pedestal and assumed that graceful

position he now occupies—so suggestive of taking preliminary steps in the glide-waltz.

Hereditary nobility now began to assert its way, for J. G. Adams, son of a former President, John Adams, suddenly found himself President of the United States.

The family traces its descent from Adam, who was its progenitor—and after whom it is named.

It is not improbable that the Adamses will in time assume the Imperial purple and crown and reign over North America. The Bostonians wouldn't object. Charles Francis will be the first monarch, under the style of Charles the first. But it is to be hoped that he will not lose his head as did his unfortunate namesake of England. If he'll only just let Hayes alone and say no more about his forever carrying on his brow the stamp of fraud, when he does ascend the throne, he may manage to keep his head on.

Under the Adams régime the country became bloated with aristocrats, and Henry Clay, who was anxious to keep the whole people as high-toned as some of the old Dutch folks, sometimes called Knickerbockers, pretend to be now, went in for protection. He didn't see why free and independent Americans of a mechanical turn of mind shouldn't make free'r and independenter Americans, not so endowed by nature, pay to give them occupation. This is what it amounted to. A few Yankee manufacturers felt good in consequence. And to this day the United States government, by its heavy duties, makes a man pay through the nose for trying to dress like a gentleman in other than homespun stuff. This is as it should be. We're in a free country, and we're not going to allow anybody to put on airs by wearing fine goods, unless he's fined for doing so. No, not much.

John Bull bellowed when he found that he couldn't deadhead any more of his goods in America. He, however, continued to send lots of bales and bundles, and all kinds of things, to to us—but Uncle Sam stood at the pier and wouldn't let them come in without paying.



JOHN BULL UNPROTECTED.

"I say," said John Bull, "'ow is this—yer 'ave declared yourself hindependent and I guv hin, and now you go back on yer poor hold dad and won't let 'im make nothink out o' yer—this is very hunkind and hungrateful."

But Uncle Sam was obdurate, and Bull had to stump up.

Happy the country that has no history—and if it hadn't have been for the unpleasantness from 1861-1865 we might have very little of that commodity. At any rate, things for a long time went on in the even tenor of their way without any startling events calculated to shake people up.

Andrew Jackson now came to the throne. It was an unmistakable Democratic victory, and there was no electoral commission either.

Southern chivalry thought it about time to assert its existence, and, although it was only 1832, South Carolina threatened to secede if "protection" wasn't abolished.

The tariff act, she said, didn't suit her constitution, and it wasn't constitutional. Was there ever any act that was constitutional when people didn't want it?

Then Andy Jackson exclaimed, "Ha! ha! so they talk about secession, do they? Bring forth my fiery, untamed steed and summon my guards. I'll wipe them off as I would my presidential chin."

"But, may it please your Imperial Majesty, I am going to settle this thing," said Henry Clay, and he appeased the Carolinians, who became clay in his hands.

Jackson reigned for another term. He felt bound to do something to distinguish himself, so he coolly made a draft on France for \$5,000,000 which it owed for injuries to U. S. commerce. France didn't honor it, whereupon Jackson said he would put Paris in the hands of a receiver. Noyes was minister at the time, and had to study Ollendorf and a dictionary to make himself understood to the French government, who got scared and paid the money.

Jackson thus got his name up, and made Americans feared—so much so that some eccentric London tailors won't trust them.

The great American eagle's wings grew larger than ever, and they flapped and they flapped till all the world knew that it wasn't the kind of bird to be trifled with.

(To be continued.)

### WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

AND in these days the coquettish shop-girl goeth home in the eve from her labors, and he walketh along the street; and she elevatheth and depresseth the lid of her left optic, and she maketh the acquaintance of the promiscuous young man. And on Saturday night shall they go unto the Bowery and sit one by the side of the other, and crack the sociable peanut, and the flame of love shall be stirred within their hearts.

And at this season, also, the candidate for an office hireth him a wagon, and a great bell therein; and he seeketh an experienced ringer of bells, and he saith unto him: "Ring me now a merry peal through the streets of the city, that the people may know that I am the man of their choice, and the foe of corruption and of all inequity." But the experienced ringer of bells getteth drunk on the liquor of the candidate, and he goeth through the streets and he tolleth a dirge, and the heart of the candidate is heavy thereat.

Also about this time doth the young man of lofty aims start the newspaper that shall befor a light unto the world. And in the space of three months shall come to pass what was spoken by the prophet, saying: "He struck me for a quarter, and I struck him back for a damphule." And thereafter that young man leaveth it to other young men to start newspapers for a light unto the world.

Also hereabouts in the year the careful youth putteth on a chest-protector and covereth his lungs from the cold. And the heedless young man standeth by and revileth that careful youth, and he presently is gathered unto his fathers.

This is, moreover, the time when the young woman who walketh uprightly, taketh counsel with herself, and getteth her wools of various colors, and knitteth a comforter for the attractive and eligible young minister, against the time when he shall be cold in the days of winter. And this she doeth that he may be grateful therefor, and may say unto her: "Maiden, wilt thou be my wife?" But the attractive and eligible young minister smoketh her little game; yea, in that locality hath he been ere this, and he smileth on the zealous sister; but he contenteth himself with smiling.



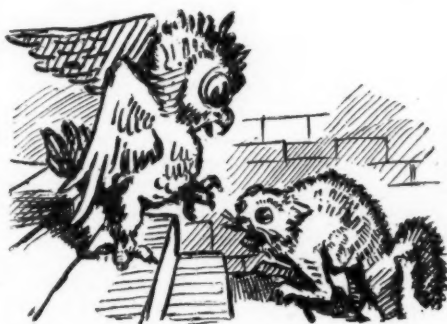
A MISUNDERSTANDING.



A HUNGRY owl on a belfry tower  
Sat blinking grave at the rising sun:  
"It's a shame," he said, "at this early hour,  
For the sun to get up, and nothing done—  
Watching all night,  
And never a bite."



A Thomas cat on that break of day,  
Hungry as ever a cat could be,  
Prowling around in a gingerly way,  
Came to the foot of that tall bellfree—  
Prowling all night,  
But never a bite.



"What's that up there on top of the house?  
It looks like a bird," said the Thomas cat.  
"Something below moves like a mouse,"  
Said the owl. "It's breakfast; hurrah for that.  
Waiting all night,  
But at last a bite."



"I'll go for that bird," said the Tom cat soft;  
"I'm after that mouse," said the owl, "down there."  
The owl went down and the cat aloft,  
And they met half-way on the belfry stair—  
Waiting all night,  
Now surely a bite.



As both were blind in that morning sun,  
Neither the other could plainly see;  
"Pst, pst," hisses the cat, "Kihoot" said the owl,  
As they clawed for each other quite savagelee,  
And with all their might  
Tried each other to bite.



Frantic and fierce was the conflict, too,  
Fearful the scratches and hoots of pain,  
Till the owl to a lofty beam suddenly flew,  
Leaving the Tom cat scratching in vain—  
A terrible fight,  
But both got a bite.



"This seems," said the owl, "some horrid mistake;"  
"You misunderstood," said the cat, with a frown;  
"Let's both an apology formally make."  
Then the owl he went up and the cat went down—  
Each got a bite,  
But the kind wasn't right.

P. B.



## PUCK'S SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

## III.

THE STERN COCK-PARIENT AND THE  
CORRECT KIBOSH.


## A TALE OF SOUTH KENSINGTON.

I will that if I say a heavy thing  
Your tongues forgive me; seeing ye know that Spring  
Has flecks and fits....

*Swinburne (Two Dreams).*

## CHAPTER I.

## ALPHONSO'S LOVE.

 LPHONSO dwelt in South Kensington, in the house of his stern Cock-Pariënt.

This arrangement had its disadvantages. Alphonso was not able to come home at three o'clock in the morning with that airy grace and nonchalance which distinguish the young man who has chambers of his own.

But, fortunately, Alphonso was a youth of unexceptionable morals. His stern Cock-Pariënt had absorbed nearly all the vitality of the family.

The stern Cock-Pariënt of Alphonso was a man whose whole life consisted of an unswerving devotion to the Correct Kibosh. It was a tradition in his family, and he gave his whole soul to sustaining it.

The one object of his existence was to do, to be, to have the Correct Kibosh. He was a venerable gentleman; and he had a bald head and a large abdomen, and a generally imposing appearance, because that sort of thing was the Correct Kibosh for venerable gentlemen.

He collected blue willow-pattern china, because it was the C. K. to do so. When it had been the C. K. to collect Faience, he had done so. Whatever was the C. K. in china, he did. Thus the consciousness of having attained the Correct Kibosh was a perpetual rainbow in his venerable soul.

Next door to Alphonso lived the lovely Ethelinda. She also had a stern Cock-Pariënt afflicted with C. K. tendencies. Ethelinda was an artistic maiden. She was beautiful as the dawn, and she went around the house clad in a tight-fitting brown gown, and with a peacock feather in her hair. There was no belt to her gown, because it was the Correct Pre-Raphaelite Kibosh not to have any. Ethelinda also collected willow-pattern china; and it was at a china-fancier's that Alphonso first fell in love with her.

For he did love her. They loved each other—madly, devotedly. They spooned each other over the garden walls. They exhibited their ceramic treasures, and swopped willow-pattern plates. She breathed her delicate and confiding affection in a jelly-dish, and he laid the adoration of his heart at her feet in a soup-tureen. They loved with a love passing the love of china.

It was with a beating heart that, shortly after the heavenly day when he knew her heart was wholly his, and that blue china was henceforth only a back-ground for their passion, young Alphonso approached his stern Cock-Pariënt and breathed to him his wish to wed the lovely Ethelinda.

"Never!" said his revered progenitor, standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire.

"Never?" interrogatively echoed Alphonso, turning pale, and trembling.

"Never, Alphonso!" said his stern C. P., "never will I consent to see you thus degrade the family. You may forget, but I can not, the claims of the Correct Kibosh."

"What objection can there be to my Ethelinda?" faltered the agonized Alphonso.

"Objection, wretched boy? Do you not

know—can you disguise from yourself—the awful fact that there is a blot upon her escutcheon? Are you not aware, sir, that she is false to Blue China? Her maternal grandfather has in his collection a vase—I blush to say it, sir—a vase of Faience. Is that—answer me—is that the Correct Kibosh?"

"N-n-no," stammered Alphonso. "But, O my stern Cock-Pariënt, let us soar above the narrow prejudices of conventionality. Grant that there is this stain upon her name—what else can you bring against her?"

"What else!" thundered the horrified Cock-Pariënt. "Is not that enough?"

"I own the truth," Alphonso cried; "I appreciate it in all its agonizing blackness. But yet, have pity upon us. She loves me—she is young—she is beautiful—she has feelings, affections, as we have. After all, she is a woman and a sister."

But the stern Cock-Pariënt was immovable.

"She is not, she is not the Correct Kibosh!"

"Have mercy on us! Would you then separate two loving hearts?"

"I would."

"Why, O barbarous Cock-Pariënt?"

"Because, under the circumstances, it is the Correct Kibosh."

"And will you then immure me in a lonely dungeon?"

"No, but I shall shut you up in the butler's pantry. That is the nearest thing to the C. K."

"And what will become of my blasted life?"

"You shall marry your kinswoman Ludovica. She is eminently the Correct Kibosh."

Ludovica was fair and tall and artistic. The peacock's feather in her hair was unapproachably scrappy, even for a pre-Raphaelite feather; and she wore not only blue-china earrings and breastpins, but her belt was fastened with a clasp of two butter-bowls; all of which constituted a much nearer approach to the Correct Kibosh than did Ethelinda's attire.

But to Alphonso, seated despondently in his butler's pantry, these things had no charms. How to escape was his only thought. Long time he pondered sadly and hopelessly, until the idea occurred to him to get out of the window, leap on the fence, and thence plunge into the arms of his Ethelinda—but we anticipate.

No matter. Alphonso did, too.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE SURGING WAVES.

It is the wild and terrible midnight. A mighty monster of tempestuous wrath is loose upon the ocean. All is night and blackness as far as the eye can reach. The fierce wind roars across the tossing waves and beats upon the cliffs like the uncontrollable eruptions of a dyspeptic giant. Not a ray of light from the gloomy east—not a sound, not the voice of any human being. Even the cry of the stormy petrel is hushed.

But see—a movement—something is stirring on the lofty rock beyond the moaning sand-bar. It moves to and fro—it comes—it goes—it returns.

It is the Solitary Fisherman. Silent as ever, no sound proceeds from those immobile lips. Sternly soundless as the unchangeable Sphinx, far on the burning African plain; silent as Death itself, he marches backward and forward along the narrow walk.

The wild fury of the elements is stilled. The moon is still shrouded in clouds, but the wind has sunk, and the billows heave more calmly as their mad agony spends itself and dies away. The storm has passed.

But yet the Solitary Fisherman marches backward and forward, silent—soundless.

Suddenly from behind a bank of clouds the moon emerges, superbly refulgent. Her placid

light illumines the bosom of the tossing ocean, that gradually sinks into slumber beneath the soft caress. Peace, peace, holy peace and calm; the benediction of the gentle night rests over all things.

And yet no word—not a word—not a sound—not a breath from the Solitary Fisherman.

There is a pale glimmer of wan white light in the east. Now it grows warmer with a rosy flush—now the lofty zenith catches the light, and the tender brilliancy of dawn breaks upon the sea.

In the fair English meadows the flowers are opening to the morning sun; the birds are twittering under the eaves of lovely cottages or ancient manorial halls, the lark soars exultant into the fathomless blue empyrean.

But yet not by the faintest murmur does the solitary Fisherman break a silence that is as the silence of the grave.

It may be stated here that this continuous silence was quite the correct Kibosh on the part of the Solitary Fisherman.

He said nothing, because there was no call for any remarks from him.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE DAY OF THE WEDDING.

It was the day appointed for the nuptials of Alphonso and Ludovica. In the faint, mysterious light of the gothic church stood the fair bride, flanked on the right by the portly Beadle, and on the left by the stern Cock-Pariënt.

The clergyman waited in the vestry.

The hour for the arrival of Alphonso was near at hand.

The bride impatiently tapped her satin-slippered foot on the marble-floor.

"He cometh not," she said.

"The quotation is not original," remarked the portly Beadle.

"But it is eminently the correct Kibosh," said the stern Cock-Pariënt.

The fatal hour was tolled from the belfry-tower. Alphonso had not arrived.

What had happened to detain him on his way? He was to have come direct to the church. Had he announced his intention of going round to his destination by way of Africa or Bengal, it might have been supposed that he had been met by a wild beast and devoured. But no such supposition was tenable.

Where, then, was he?

Twelve o'clock tolled.

"This is not," said the stern Cock-Pariënt, "the correct Kibosh."

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BRIDE.

But how did Ludovica look upon this memorable occasion?

The fair fiancée was attired in a costume that was a *reue* of exquisite *gout*. Her corsage was of pale blue *soie*, embroidered with *agiotage* and *passementerie*, running from the inner seam down her shoulder to the *fichu*, whence hung in graceful folds a *béguéule* of peculiarly *ravissante* pattern. A *demi-train* of purple *velours* supported a small *diablerie* of jet *d'Italie*, which, it is needless to say, had cost a *petite fortune*. An *ingenue*, breveté *s. g. d. g.*, completed this most tasteful *escritoire*. Her hair was enarrhé *avec soin*, and from her *chignon* depended an *argot* of more than ordinary value. She had about her that *pelerinage*—that *je ne sais quoi*, which goes far toward the *retentissement* proper to *une dame dans la cour*. Her *orfèverie* was simple, yet *riche*. A *recherché bouleversement* of amethyst, attaché to a small *bas de laine*, constituted her entire *stocque*. That she was bien chaussée goes *sans dire*. Her *perpignons* were of *vert* kid, and were made on a specially prepared *dernière*. The *ruche* of the *fiacre* was brought three times around the bodice and



fastened to the *sous-ineroyable* with a double row of box-pleating, trimmed à *crève-cœur*, with *boutons* of morocco. As she stood thus by the hymeneal altar, she was an embodiment of all that is *gracieuse* and lovely in womanhood.

## CHAPTER V.

FOILED!

THE bridal party waited in solemn and expectant silence for another hour.

The absent Alphonso continued absent.

The clergyman in the vestry grew impatient. He sent around the corner for another pint of stout, and was pained to learn that the dealer would not trust him until his outstanding score was settled.

The portly Beadle became enraged. He regarded the defection of Alphonso as an insult to his office.

"We have come here to have a wedding," he said. "Where is the wedding?"

The stern Cock-Parient advanced to the side of Ludovica, and took her hand. Pressing the lily-white member to his bosom, he murmured: "My dear, this is not, in Alphonso, the Correct Kibosh."

"What can I say?" she whispered, her lovely eyes brimming with tears.

"You might say 'beer'," he suggested, meditatively; "or you might say 'I pass,' or 'come off,' or 'they all do it,' or anything else. But then it would not be the—"

"Hush!" broke in the portly Beadle, "that'll do!"

The stern Cock-Parient was still holding the hand of Ludovica. He was gazing into her soulful orbs. She stood before him a vision of loveliness, the pallor of pain upon her damask cheeks, down which two tears yet trickled; the one on the left cheek ahead of the one on the right about half an inch.

Who could withstand such a delightful proximity? It was too much for the Beadle.

"Stand up!" he said to the couple. "We are going to have this wedding one way or another, and you have got to immolate yourselves upon the altar of the occasion."

"But it is not I who am to be married; it is my son," cried the stern Cock-Parient.

"You brought me here to perform a marriage, and a marriage we mean to perform," the portly Beadle replied. To do otherwise would not be at all the Correct Kibosh."

The stern Cock-Parient yielded. Ere he could recover his breath, he was dragged up to the altar, and the twain were made one flesh, as far as the clergyman's part of the business went.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the ceremony was over, and the stern Cock-Parient realized what he had done. In an agony of grief and despair he rolled upon the ground and wept, and tore his hair. The hollow nave resounded as he beat his head upon the marble floor, and shrieked in accents of conviction:

"It is not, it is not the Correct Kibosh!"

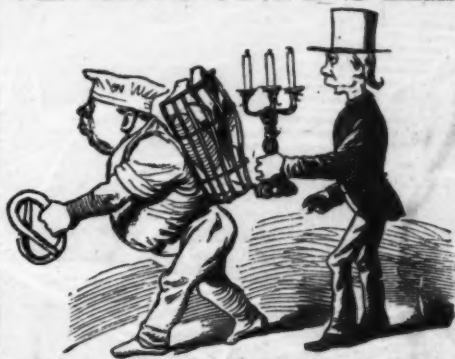
Suddenly he ceased, and raised himself upon his elbow, as he saw a couple entering the chancel arm-in-arm.

As they advanced toward him, his eyes became dilated, and fixed in horror. The roses left his cheeks, and an ashen hue overspread his countenance and possibly other parts of his anatomy. He looked at them and gasped. A fearful convulsion shook his frame. With one long-drawn sigh, his spirit fled up into the limitless realms of space, and he died.

"See, Alphonso," said Ethelinda, for she it was; "he is dead. The shock has killed him."

"We must all die," said Alphonso. "It is the Correct Kibosh. Ethelinda, my dear, dinner is waiting."

## OLLENDORFF'S METHOD ILLUSTRATED.



Do you see the baker with the white bread?—No, I see not the baker with the white bread, but I see the young man with the golden candelabra.



Have I the white goose of my neighbor?—No, you have not the white goose of your neighbor, you have the big eagle of the good Englishman.



Who has the calf? The son of my friend, or the pupil of my enemy?



Does the good Russian weep?—The good Russian weeps. — Does the good Russian weep because he is cold?—No, the good Russian weeps because he is ashamed of himself.



Who has the good bread?—Thou hast it not. Hast thou it? Who has it?—I have it. —Who has it not?—The soldier has it not.



## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XXXI.

BANKING AND FINANCE.



Ya-as, I'm told there are a gweat many banks he-ah, just as there are in othah countwies; but Americans are verwy eccentwic in the way of managing them—infarnally aw odd, by Jove. I nevah worry myself about money "whino," yer know—I always have more than I wequire, and I have a stwong objection to be aw bawed about such twifles. The majorwity of people he-ah amuse themselves by welating widiculous stowries about differwent arwange-ments in varwious monetarwy twansactions—devilish bad taste. Jack Carnegie says that ewerwy bank in the countwy is contwolled by

wobbers who appwopwiate gweenbacks and other securwities, and, yer know, help themselves just as they think pwoper. If a fellow shows that he can't do this sort of thing without twoubles of conscience he's instantly welieved of his aw wesponsibility. According to the aw constitution of this countwy two or thwee aw banks must fail ewerwy day. The authorwities are verwy severe in administerwng punishment if the law is bwoken. Some fellows in twade, they say, want to alter this arwangement, but I believe it's an extwemely difficult matter to weform aw a law which is considerwed by a large majorwity an extwemely desirabwe aw pwactice—it helps to distwibute wealth more easily. I havn't made a study of the subject, but Jack says so, so it must be twue. Americans have aw dollars and cents instead of pounds, shillings and pence—verwy stupid. I don't know how many cents make a dollar, but I think it's somewhere near a hundwed. Luigi and Jack attend to all these twifles for me. I nevah can get them satisfactorwily thwough my bwain—too much pwessure aw.





# THE ERL K. (M)

The father groaneth, he rideth wild,  
He holdeth to his own the riding wild.

Arrived





(NEW VERSION.)

Arrived at the "White House", with fear and dread.





## A THEATRICAL FISHING-PARTY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30th, '77.

Dear Puck:

A party of six misguided mortals, nearly all belonging to the theatrical profession, went to Staten Island last Sunday to catch fish.

Arrived at Prince's Bay, the party, after having been made welcome by young Strakosh, immediately prepared for work. George Holland flaunted a salmon-rod worth \$125 and said that only Sothern and Florence could boast of rods equally magnificent. When George Holland returned from his fishing-tour in the evening he had only caught a yellowish-greenish thing that looked like a cross between a dyspeptic bull-frog and a diminutive devil-fish. That was putting a hundred and twenty-five dollar rod to base uses. Harry Beckett bobbed for eels and caught fifty. Eben Plympton quoted Shakspeare and kept the fish from biting. There were two boats, each one holding three of the fishermen. One had Harry Beckett at the head, bobbing for eels; the other had George Holland with his salmon-rod. Holland's party had the provisions and the drink. They went out of sight and left the other party to shiver, starve, and catch eels. When we all got home there were only Beckett's eels and Holland's reptile to show. The party pelted one another with the eels, and the reptile was put on exhibition in a glass case.

They called this pleasure. They had staid up all the previous night to be early enough to catch the train. They had caught it. All six had been driven down to the Staten Island ferry in one cab. I can't describe the events that led up to the mishap of there being only one cab for six people. It is sufficient to know that the party was packed in regardless of physical anatomy, and rolled along down to the ferry.

All these facts, however, would scarcely need mentioning, were it not that they preceded a climax; which came as the party was about getting on to the boat on the journey home. This letter, published in Monday's *Sun*, will save further narrative:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *SUN*—Sir: We were coming home from an excursion to Staten Island this evening, and one of our number held in his hand a covered parlor rifle, which had been taken along for sport, but which, on our learning of a law prohibiting its use, was not removed out of its cover. As we were about to step on the boat a hand was roughly laid on the shoulder of the gentleman carrying the rifle, and a rowdyish-looking chap, who flaunted a badge, seized violently upon the rifle, and without asking or giving any explanation, hurried the gentleman carrying it over to a liquor saloon, where he was met by a thick-headed, unkempt-looking fellow who was addressed as the Judge. (His name we subsequently learned to be Doyle.) Without stopping to inquire into the case, the Judge observed: "It'll cost you ten dollars fine." Heedless of all appeal, he finally added: "You can settle it with the constable. He can do what he pleases in the matter." The alleged constable—named Peter Golden—pleased to demand the ten-dollar fine or lock one of our party up in jail. The only explanation offered was that it was against the law to carry a gun on Sunday. Now, we appeal to you whether peaceable excursionists returning with a covered parlor rifle from Staten Island can be seized upon with impunity by any ruffian calling himself a constable, and whether a citizen is compelled to submit to the extortion of a ten-dollar fine under the pretext of an ordinance of whose existence he did not dream.

Is there not some direct mode of redress or punishment for what is so clearly an outrage?

HARRY BECKETT, GEORGE HOLLAND,  
EBEN PLYMPTON, SYDNEY ROSENFELD,  
A. FOLLIN, JOSEPH HOLLAND.

ROBERT STRAKOSCH.  
NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1877.

There is going to be trouble with that judge and that constable. The whole party has been worked into great ire over the indignity, and the minions of the Staten Island law have cause to quail.

This brings it rather outside of the pale of fishing pleasure; but you can never tell, when you go fishing, what you are going to catch.

Unexcursively yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

1st P. S.—But what fun is there in fishing, after all? S. D.

2d P. S.—I'd like to cowhide that Staten Island justice—just for luck, anyway. S. D.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON opened on Monday to an immense house. In a future issue PUCK will do Mr. Jefferson justice, critically and pictorially.

THE MCKEE RANKINS are wandering through New England with "The Danites," and the boundless Joaquin is happy.

"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY" has given way, at the Fifth Avenue, to that deathless damsel known as the "Bohemian Girl."

MISS MARY ANDERSON made a marked success in Boston. In spite of this fact, she is reported to possess a great deal of talent.

MISS BLANCHE MEDA is the latest amateur debutante. She is going to Meda deserts at the Theatre Francaise, 23d Street, on November 5th.

THOS. WHIFFIN will support Miss Blanche Meda in her approaching venture at the 23rd Street Theatre. His recent experience in "Married and not Married" will stand him in good stead.

WHEN you see a man with a soft-felt hat sitting in the fifty-cent seats at the Great London Circus, and inquiring "When is Levy goin' to play?" you are tolerably safe in saying that he is not a regular resident of this city.

"THE MOTHER'S SECRET" ("Séraphine") is finally announced for production at the Union Square on November 12th, an unsatisfied and enthusiastic public having, the management states, arisen in its might, and howled madly for a revival of "Pink Dominos," which idyllic drama has accordingly been revived for two weeks only.

It is definitely settled that the "House of Darnley" will not be produced at Wallack's. How would the "School for Scandal" do, with the following cast?

Sir Peter Teazle.....	John Gilbert.
Charles Surface.....	Lester Wallack.
Joseph Surface.....	John Mathews.
(by kind permission of Messrs. Shook & Palmer.)	
Sir Oliver Surface.....	J. W. Shannon.
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....	Eben Plympton.
Crabtree.....	Harry Beckett.
Sir Harry Bumper.....	Thos. Whiffin.
Careless.....	H. J. Montague.
Rowley (with song and dance).....	Edward Arnott.
Moses.....	E. M. Holland.
Snake.....	J. Leonard.
Trip.....	Theo. Moss.
Lady Teazle.....	Rose Coghlan.
Lady Sneerwell.....	Effie Germon.
Mrs. Candour.....	Mme. Ponisi.
Maria.....	Mrs. Sefton.

Now is the time when the ambitious amateur society-man who plays old comedy, young tragedy, and baby burlesque, is again announced to make his appearance at the amateur E-Pluribus-Unum Theatre for the season. "Have had several offers of engagements, you know, but I mustn't go on the stage; it lowers a fellow in the social scale."

## A TALE OF TO-DAY;

OR

## BLESSINGS BRIGHTEN AS THEY SAY NO.

IT was night.

It might have been dinner-time, or early candle-light, had it not been in a romance. It was also a drug-store, and a clerk.

He was known as Paul Flump. Which was his name

It was not P. K. Flump. Heroes never have initials. The scene of this story is laid out in November—well on into the centre of it.

So Paul went to the door, and looked out upon the bleak November sky.

Which is to say, he would have looked upon it, had it not been too dark. He looked up that way, anyhow.

Then he drew a long breath.

He also drew out a lengthy sigh, and exclaimed:

"I'll do it!"

If you could have heard the voice in which those words were uttered, you would not have required him to introduce further evidence that he would do it.

He went back into the store, and locked the doors and windows.

Then he deliberately took down from the shelf a bottle filled with a certain dark liquid.

After which he climbed the stairs to his little bed-room. He went and lit him a light, and stood before the mirror, and looked wistfully upon the image which it reflected.

His features were very pallid, but they were resolutely and firmly set, especially the bottom part of them.

The light of a fixed purpose burned steadily in his eyes (blue).

He said once more:

"I'll do it!"

Then, with steady hand, he raised the bottle of dark liquid. He emptied a portion of its contents into his hands, rubbed them together, and applied the palms thereof to the capillary covering of his head (hair). After which he did various other things, and exclaimed once more:

"I'll do it!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was also night. The same one. [This is an aside.]

Two parties, male and female, were sitting on one sofa.

This sofa was designed for that number of parties; but to-night there are, accidentally, on one end of it nine volumes of Patent Office Reports.

Consequently the reports are somewhat pressed for sitting-room.

The occupants of the other end of the sofa are Paul Flump and Miss Mora McMinny-wink.

Paul is saying, "Miss Mora, pardon my boldness, but I *must* speak. Long ago you must have guessed the great feelings which—which I feel for you. Oh! cannot you return them—some of them, at least? I—I love you—I do!"

"Paul," she answers softly, but firmly, "Paul, you must not talk so! Forget it, I pray you! We are both poor, and would have no fine house, nor pretty furniture, nor sweet carriages, nor good things to eat, and—and—all that. Forgive me, Paul, but I must have all those when I marry; and you cannot furnish them."

"Yes, I forgive you! Fact was, I—I was under a false impression. I—ev—thought you could supply all them 'ere things!"

QUIPPLE YARROW.



## A FEMALE PRACTICAL JOKER.

(Boucicaulted from the N. Y. World.)

IT is said that a female atheist is a monstrosity, and yet we think a female practical joker is a greater wonder than a female atheist. They have one of these strange creatures in the police court at Rochester, and they are making the most of her. She bears the euphonious name of Celia Flaherty, and, though her mother cried, she was born in a merry hour, like Beatrice, and is inclined to say "there was a star that danced, and under that was I born." The best account of her achievements is contained in a letter which she wrote to one of her victims, inclosing a photograph of the back of her head in mockery and giving a sketch of her life. She began her career as a practical joker at the age of four years, when she set fire to her father's house and burned it down. It was only recently that she came to Rochester, and merchants began to find that they were filling orders for people who did not want their goods; physicians were sent running in haste to attend fictitious patients, and undertakers were dispatched with coffins to lay out imaginary corpses. The epidemic of ridiculous blunders finally became so noteworthy that the papers called attention to it, and the succession of amusing *contretemps* was traced to some unknown girl, whom a detective, guided by her letter and the photograph of the back of her head, has discovered to be Celia Flaherty. In her letter, which is addressed to a young physician, she says that she cannot rehearse a tithe of the mischief which she did about Rochester, and apologizes for the large part of it which fell to his share. "Do not think because I picked on you so much that I owe you any spite, for I do not, but I always find some one that I will be a conundrum to. That is where the fun comes in. I am what some people would call a daredevil." Like every girl who is betrayed into writing a letter, she dwells upon her looks with great complacency. "My looks are as deceitful as sin. No one would think so, for I carry a very innocent face, but my eyes are inclined to be roguish." After telling how she bought candy for a leaden quarter, and left an order for wedding cake for a bridal that never came off, with several other choice tricks, she alludes to a friend of her correspondent and goes on with this suggestive summary, of which good grammar is the least conspicuous characteristic:

"Ask him if Mr. Jeffreys, the undertaker, came to his house one day last week to lay him out. Show Mr. Jeffreys this picture, and tell him that was me that left the order. Ask Mr. Sturt if he remembers taking a strange girl in his \$1,100 rig to give her a ride, and when he went in a store to buy some candy, and came out she was gone. Show him this picture, and tell him it was me. By the way, did you get your coat for Sunday, and did it look good when finished, as Mr. Davy said it would? Let him and yourself look well at this picture, and think that was me. Did you get the fish I sent you C. O. D.? And did you get the straw I sent you C. O. D.? And did you get the coal I sent you C. O. D.? Look well at this picture, and think that was me. If you are acquainted with a man in your neighborhood who goes around with his foot tied up, and tell him it was me who put the bricks at his door, and then made a racket to bring him out, and when he opened the door they all fell in on him, let him see this picture, and tell him it was me."

The above enumeration is sufficient to show that at a time when women are pushing into all ordinary fields for the exercise of masculine ability, such as the law, medicine and politics, this damsel has leaped at a single bound into the province of the practical jokers where Florence, Sothorn and their comrades have long held undisputed sway, and where the flutter of a petticoat was never before seen. The community is naturally astonished and fails to see the fun of the thing. The wit of despatch-



## BEAUTY'S CONTRAST.

MISS SKITTELS, whose beauty escapes attention ordinarily, resorts to this desperate means: "If I don't look attractive alongside of Aunt Jemima! I never will."

ing a coffin to a house where there nobody is dead fades into impertinent folly when a woman perpetrates the joke, and the authorities immediately have her arrested on a "warrant charging her with being a nuisance and a disturber of the peace." So long society laughs at and applauds the mischievous nonsense of men who are older than Celia Flaherty, and ought to know better, we trust, she will escape punishment. If her conviction as a nuisance and disturber of the peace would serve to bring all practical jokers to grief, however, we should ardently pray that this playful young creature may be made to laugh out of the wrong side of her mouth.

## POLITICS IN THE NORTHEAST WARD.

Two colored voters sitting in Court House park, with a pint of blue gin in a blue porter bottle, thus discoursed on politics:

"Who's yu gwine to vote for, Bill Snickinson?"

"I'se gwine for Green, I is, Mr. Washington. Judge Green he's a splendid man; only guv me thirty days when I wuz up 'fore him."

"Go way, you pock-marked coon, twasn't Judge Green who guv yur sentence 'tall."

"Who wuz it, then? oughtn't I know. Who—who served that sentence, you or me?"

"Go way, you don't know Green from Pushin'."

"I tell you it war de little man wid de specs, dat's who it wuz."

"Dat's Pushin', the little man wid de specs; dat's Pushin'. He ain't runnin' for nothin'. Yah! yah! yah! Ki-hee! ki-hee! ki-hee! ki—" (At this point the laughing Mr. Washington took a swig out of the bottle with an expression of mingled disgust and fear.)

"Who-whose you gwine for?" asked Bill of his companion.

"Ise gwine for Beckel."

"What you gwine to vote for him for?"

"Coz he's my man. Mister Lightningbug says he's de man, and I'se gwine to stick to Beckel coz he's in our wawd."

"Why, dat's Frank, dat's Frank Beckel. Haw! haw! Yuse de dummet nigger on de hill." And then Bill rolled down the hill, convulsed with laughter.—*Pottsville Chronicle*.

"CRAZY HORSE," an exchange says, "was the possessor of thirty-four scalps, not counting his own, and the Indians considered him quite a rich man." And the cream of the thing is, this bloated scalp-holder was the architect of his own fortune. Every lock of hair he possessed was of his own raising.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

By FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTEN XXX.

THE ascent of the hill by the path which M. de Gaillefontaine and Mr. Fox took was steep, and tried the strength of the elder man.

"I am getting old," he said, pausing and straightening himself with the back of his hand. "When I was as young in the service of the Biron family as you, I was as active and brisk as you; but now—"

"Ah, it is a happiness when one can rest in the season for rest! It must be a great pleasure to you that you have nothing to trouble your mind at this time."

"You are right, monsieur. The relief from care and anxiety is a blessing not to be overestimated. What is better than the *equus animus* of one who has nothing to regret, nothing to fear? I have recovered my strength; shall we proceed?"

M. de Gaillefontaine offered the support of his arm, which Mr. Fox, with smiling gratitude, accepted, and they walked forwards—Mr. Fox with effort—slowly.

"I recall your observation," said M. de Gaillefontaine presently. "Your composure is a silent compliment to me, which I appreciate truly. Another in your position would trouble himself—my faith, would trouble me also very much at this time, hearing of these *canards*, which I am told are flying about."

"Quels canards?" asked Mr. Fox, looking about innocently.

"The *rappports*, the rumors. It is said, I am told, that I am about to marry the Miss Biron."

Mr. Fox laughed outright.

"Why, that nonsense is not worthy of belief! Some statements hardly deserve to be ranked as reports. If a newspaper boy told you that the Thames was on fire, you would not spend even a halfpenny to convince yourself that he lied. It is said that you are married to Miss Biron; and I would as readily believe that as the other absurd statement."

"But why?"

"Because you are too clever, monsieur, to take such a step without consulting me. Those who make these statements, and those who believe in them, don't know you; I do. And you know me, and we both know Miss Biron. Of course it is possible that one day you will marry Miss Biron, but before that you will give up the half of the will you hold as an assurance that my annuity will be paid when you hold the property in your hands. Had I not known you so well, monsieur, and not entertained so high an opinion of your sagacity; had I, in short, been a fool—I should long ago have 'troubled' you and myself, as you express it. I knew there was no occasion to enter into discussion upon the subject before matters were sufficiently advanced for you to speak. I should have been content to wait until next week, or next month, or next year, had you not chosen to open the subject before. I suppose it is with a view to some little arrangement after dinner that you are pleased to ask me to dine with you? Oh, my back! Will you allow me to rest again?"

They had reached the top of the hill. A slight handrail runs beside the path for the protection of those passing at times when mist or darkness obscures the danger. The beech-covered hill that runs steeply yet gradually down to the riverside is here cut away abruptly within six

feet of the rail. It is one of several deserted quarries that pit the Berkshire bank of the Thames, and gives the wood its name.

Mr. Fox leaned his elbows and his back against the rail and breathed quickly.

"My breath is very short, and the hill tries me excessively. You don't know how weak and trembling I feel about my knees. Dear me, my breath. O Lord, O Lord! I should not have talked so much."

"Will you sit yourself?"

"No, no, it's my breath, chiefly; and this rests my back and my legs nicely. But I mustn't talk. Oh, dear; oh, dear, my breath—tut, tut, tut!"

M. de Gaillefontaine, after a few expressions of sympathy, became silent and drew out his cigar-case, looking sidelong at this weak, trembling, thin old gentleman, so helpless and fatigued in all except mental function. In that he was as strong as, ay perhaps stronger than M. de Gaillefontaine. Yes, this Mr. Fox could, and no doubt would, give his friend a good deal of trouble after dinner, and might make some unpleasant stipulations with regard to keeping silent. It may be thought that the revengeful Gascon was pleased to see the bodily suffering of him who could inflict inconvenience of another kind. But no such thought came within M. de Gaillefontaine's consideration. He was thinking how weak the support was upon which Mr. Fox rested, only strong enough to bear the weight of such a slight, fibreless old man. One good push would break it away and pitch Mr. Fox within a foot of the quarry's edge; and a kick with the foot would then send him hurtling down to the rubble fifty feet below, and where would his power to annoy be then? A fall half that depth would knock out the feeble spark of life from this decrepit body. And why should it not be knocked out, instead of smouldering on, giving light to none, but offense to M. de Gaillefontaine? What is the good of life to one so infirm that even a pleasant country walk is a pain? One ought to be thankful to have such an existence terminated speedily and without more than a minute's consciousness of the approaching crash, with perhaps no more than a moment's pain. Such an end were ten thousand times preferable to a lingering deathbed.

M. de Gaillefontaine slowly nibbled off the end of his cigar. What of all things he would have liked at that moment was a blow from Mr. Fox, or some sudden insult which called for personal violence. He, feeling so powerful and strong, had a repugnance to thrusting this old man through the fence and over the edge of the quarry whilst his thoughts were so collected and his passions so still.

Yet he felt that now he had an opportunity which might never recur. The wind was high; there was plenty of noise amongst the swaying boughs; but down below there all was silent and still as a grave. Sound would be hushed in a pit so surrounded by growth. And the path they had traversed was empty, and to the foot of the hill on the other side no one was in sight. He moved to look down the path, and that brought him in front of Mr. Fox; and he looked at him as the cat in the fable must have looked at the mouse, whose partnership she wanted to bring to a close.

He rolled the cigar between his lips, nibbling the leaf nervously, and his heart began to beat and his breath to thicken, and he felt as one feels upon whom the determination grows to stake his last note on a card.

They had been silent both for two minutes, and Mr. Fox was breathing more easily. The opportunity was going; yet it should not—it must not. M. de Gaillefontaine felt that the slightest thing would give him just the modicum of impulse he wanted. A touch might do it. Almost without voluntary effort he raised his

hand and laid it on Mr. Fox's right arm just above the elbow. Mr. Fox looked up into his face and trembled. Quicker de Gaillefontaine raised his other hand and gripped the left arm. For half a minute he stood thus, yet wanting resolution. Mr. Fox was white, his legs gave under him, his trembling body began to sink. Then the beast-like fury towards its escaping prey came upon de Gaillefontaine, and with a fierce short cry he thrust forwards with his whole strength.

The rail was tougher than he expected, and Mr. Fox more slippery. The old man seemed to slide inside his clothes; his arms were loose, and his body had no rigidity. He got his shoulders down to the rail, and his legs twined like a cable around his antagonist's. To stop were madness in M. de Gaillefontaine. He put out his whole strength and pushed forwards, but downwards, as Mr. Fox's position obliged him to do. The rail broke, but there were five feet of solid ground between the men and the edge of the quarry. M. de Gaillefontaine found himself hampered, for the old man's legs clasped his as if they had grown about him, and his hand had clutched him by the shirt-front and held him rigidly at arm's length above him. M. de Gaillefontaine struggled hand and foot, but not for long. Light was suddenly shut from his eyes and respiration rendered difficult by a rough bag that was drawn over his head and fastened about his throat with a quick jerk of a cord that made him gasp for breath; the next moment a knee was thrust in his back, and his arms and hands dragged from Mr. Fox. He was nearly choked by the tight cord about his throat; but in addition to that there was loose fur in the strongly-smelling bag, which got into his nostrils and throat with every inspiration. It was a giant that held him rigidly a few inches from Mr. Fox, whose furtive hands were quickly groping and feeling about the breast of his coat and waistcoat. He kicked and struggled to free his legs, but that flaccid, breathless old man had recovered his wind and muscle and did not give an inch. Next M. de Gaillefontaine felt the bosom of his shirt being torn, and then those long, cold, gloved fingers were touching his body.

Mr. Fox was not silent all this time, but for one who had lately shown much exhaustion, he talked with surprising ease.

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, my good man," he said to John Smith, who had whipped the bag over M. de Gaillefontaine's head, and now held him fast. "I don't know what I should have done had you not come to my assistance. I do think this French gentleman intended to hurt me, I do indeed; and it was very unkind, inasmuch as he asked me to dine with him, and he saw that I was fatigued and out of breath. If I can but get safely away from him, it will be all right. Oh, dear, see I've torn his shirt-front; tut, tut! It is all his own fault. I did not wish to struggle. Why, what is this you wear round your neck, monsieur—a little bag with something sewn in it? God bless me, this is very odd; here's the very piece of paper I have been hoping to find. How very strange, to be sure! It does not belong to you either, so you cannot blame me if I take it away. So. And now, my brave fellow, if you will just hold this gentleman until I have time to place myself under the protection of the police, I shall be very much obliged. Here is something for your kindness. As your hands are full, I will put it in your pocket."

"Shove it in my mouth, governor," said John Smith, who, holding M. de Gaillefontaine, did not command a view of his pocket.

"And now, how long am I to hold this furiner?"

"Let me see: ten minutes to five, and the up-train is due at a quarter past. If you will



hold him for twenty minutes or half an hour, I shall be quite safe."

John Smith nodded. Mr. Fox picked up his hat, brushed it with his sleeve, arranged his collar, and, with the precious bag containing the half-will in his breast-pocket, quickly descended the path he had lately ascended with so much difficulty.

As soon as Mr. Fox was out of sight, John Smith began to drag M. de Gaillefontaine along the grass. He, finding the uselessness of resistance, had been passive since Mr. Fox had unclasped his clinging legs. But now he struggled more furiously than ever, and screamed as well as the bag and ligature would permit; for he had no doubt that it was the intention of the man who held him to drop him over the edge of the quarry to save further trouble.

"Hold your row," whispered John Smith hoarsely, "or over you go. I'll serve you just as you'd a-served the old man, s'elp me!"

"What do you want—money, watches? Take them, take them!"

"As a present?" asked John Smith thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, my good mister; but spare my life."

"Give 'em to me." John Smith would not actually take them.

M. de Gaillefontaine with trembling fingers gave up his watch and money, and John Smith put them into his trousers-pocket, and said:

"Now look here. If you move to the right or the left, or backwards or forwards, you're a dead man. You sit there comfortable, and don't move a peg, or, by the Lord, I'll shove you over! Sit there till I tell you to take the bag off."

M. de Gaillefontaine did as he was commanded, and, hearing no sound, he ventured, after the expiration of ten minutes, to raise his hand towards his throat.

"Drop it—put your hand down, or over you go!" cried the dreaded voice, that told him he was still watched.

John Smith waited by him with the watch in his hand until the hand pointed to five minutes past the hour, then he noiselessly withdrew, and got to the station in time to travel to London by the same train that carried Mr. Fox.

It was long before M. de Gaillefontaine dared to raise his hand again, and, finding no objection raised, he speedily untied the knot and removed the bag, to find himself safely situated some yards from the quarry, but in a position where the growth of briar hid him from observation of any who might be passing by the path. No one was there to oppose his returning to Riverford.

He ate no dinner that day, and again and again his cigar went out, showing how deeply his mind was engrossed in the new aspect of affairs. And, indeed, these affairs demanded a grave consideration. How to avenge himself was a question of interest; but how to avert the calamity which impended was a far more serious problem.

[To be continued.]

It is no longer fashionable to have the piano in the parlor; and the clock must be taken off the parlor mantel.—*Ex.* Hey, there, Betty! take the six hundred dollar gold-mounted ormula clock off the mantel and put it in the kitchen, and tell Jeems to go out and get half a dozen able-bodied men to come and remove the fifteen hundred dollar Chickering from the parlor into the sitting-room. We must be fashionable, even if we have to put our beds in the cellar and keep our coal and wood in the third story.—*Norristown Herald.*

O, for a defaulting cashier who was addicted to small vices!—*Worcester Press.*



### Puck's Exchanges.

THE stove-business is brushing up.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

KEELEY has named his first motor "The Tramp," because it won't work.—*Graphic.*

THE subject of Chief Joseph's lecture has not yet been announced.—*Rewey, of the Worcester Press.*

NATURE would have put wings on Stanley Matthews, but it couldn't find the small of his back.—*N. Y. Herald.*

RUSSIA is going to let another loan. She should have left Turkey alone in the first place.—*Toledo Weekly Blade.*

THE New York obelisk talk seems a little premature. One would suppose it was a put-up job already.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

TILDEN cablegram to Hayes: "How're you now, you old eight to seven deputy? What-matter uownstate?"—*Hawkeye.*

A MAN at New London wants to trade us a mule for our organ. How many stops has your old mule got?—*La Crosse Sun.*

So Josephus Flavius Cookius is really coming. Stand back there, small boy, and give him a chance to gesticulate.—*Graphic.*

WHAT is the use of the newspapers discussing how Tom Paine died? He died on a bed of Paine's, of course.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

ATHLETIC sport for ladies: jumping at conclusions; walking around a subject; running through a novel; skipping full descriptions.—*Ex.*

WYOMING women must tell their ages before they can exercise the right of franchise; hence the smallness of the feminine vote.—*Rewey Press.*

THE man who has been looking for a sea serpent all summer has returned, and is looking for an oyster in a church-fair stew.—*Herald F. I.-Man.*

VICTORIA papers are discussing the inadequate accommodation afforded by their "gaol." They wouldn't spell it jail for a dollar and a half.—*Unidentified Ex.*

UNCLE DANIEL DREW has again gone into Wall street, and several impecunious theological seminaries are anxiously watching his movements.—*Worcester Press.*

THERE is a Dr. Mary Walker in the Russian army. She was detected through the reckless ease with which she threw herself into the breaches.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

BURGLARS now force fine powder into safes with air-pumps. No lock will be perfectly secure until a man can put the key-hole in his pocket.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IN reading a hymn to be sung one Sunday afternoon, a New York minister recently said: "You may omit the fourth verse. I don't believe it's true."—*Unidentified Ex.*

DECORATING pottery is all the rage. When the mania has entered a house, about the only jar you can find there not ornamented is a "family jar."—*Norristown Herald.*

If you merely buy oysters in hopes of finding pearls, you must get-up-pearly. But if you buy them to eat, you can get-a-plate. Unless you prefer them on the shell.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A REPUBLICAN paper tenderly alludes to certain of the Ohio brethren as "the 80,000 heehawing jackasses who refused to vote."—*Worcester Rewey.*

A LITTLE boy was asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered: "They practice law a spell here and then go to the legislature."—*Unknown Paraphraser.*

A NEW, harmless toy for children is a torpedo that explodes with terrible force. It is intended expressly for children who have a talent for learning to play the accordeon.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

"WHAT will the Indians do with their money when they get home?" inquires the *Graphic*. They won't get home with it, stupid. Do you suppose the noble white man is entirely dead?—*Rochester Democrat.*

HAY-FEVER has run itself out for the season, and new cider steps smilingly to the front, and doubles up weak humanity until you can cram a full-grown man into a common market basket.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A PARAGRAPH states that forty years ago a missionary was not allowed to remain on the Fiji Islands. All of which means that they generally died from the effects of the 'eat.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

A RICHMOND negro who pawned his shotgun for a marriage license said, about a week after the ceremony was performed, that he was always afraid that gun would be the death of him.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

AN old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who chafed him upon his bald head in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."—*Unidentified Ex.*

EVEN LO, the untutored mind, has an innate sense of the proprieties of life. A lady at Washington presented Spotted Tail with a picture of Venus, and the savage remarked: "Ugh! no blanket!"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

STANLEY has discovered 15,000,000 hitherto unknown heathens, and every married man will have to renew the old struggle to keep his best plug-hat out of the box which the ladies' missionary society is making up.—*Worcester Press.*

IN a recent letter, the Washington correspondent "Olivia" says: "Why do the great railroad kings and corporations send women in preference to men to work in the lobby at Washington?" Answer: They don't!—*Phila. Bulletin.*

"I say, boy, is that the fire?" asked a gentleman of a ragged urchin, and pointing to a dense volume of smoke that was issuing from the windows of a warehouse—"No, sir, that is only the smoke," replied the boy.—*Primitive Paraphraser.*

THE editor of the New York *Sun* wants the army cut down to ten thousand men. He says the government can cheaply swell the size of our standing army by simply confining their rations to dried apples and water for a week or two.—*Norristown Herald.*

A YOUNG gentleman remarked to his female companion, the other evening, "Ah! the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly beautiful." "Was that her just went by?" quickly asked the young lady.—*Dead-Give-Away Humorist.*

It will not be long before navigation will close, and lots of these house-flies that are fooling around and trying to believe that it is the middle of July will find themselves left out in the cold a good way from their native land, wherever that may be.—*Rome Sentinel.*



THE New York World says, "of what use are the legs of a pair of trousers below the knee?" Not much use, we confess; but the trouble can be remedied by putting on a pair of suspenders and hauling them up where they belong.—*Worcester Press.*

AN exchange says: "It makes one sad, when treading up the costly carpeted aisles of an up-town church, to think how many church members belong there who have not good clothes enough to attend the preaching of God's word. We are spared all this sad feeling by attending where there are no costly carpets; and where a man coming in late drowns the organ with the music in his sole.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A MAN who hadn't any good clothes worth mentioning, and whose red nose was more prominent than his old hat, entered a Congress street saloon yesterday, gave the barkeeper a military salute, and said: "Let me introduce myself as General Barton, just in from the plains." "How do you do, General—gently now—ah, there you go!" replied the barkeeper, as he took him by the neck and pushed him out on the walk.—*Unknown Exchange.*

"AND are you really happy? and wouldn't you like to be a bachelor again?" asked a Newark bachelor, the other day, of a married friend who espoused a beautiful girl only a year ago. "Happy!" echoed the benedict; "happy! Why, of course I'm happy, and I wouldn't change back again for all the world. But I say, Fred, let me give you a quiet word of advice: Don't be a blasted fool and get married. You hear me?"—*Newark Call.*

THE Chicago Post mildly remarks that when St. Louis wants an obelisk an old shoe of one of our belles will answer the purpose. Chicago's monument was designed to be built out of old safes from the fire, but in consequence of a lack of material the work has languished. Now, however, they are taking safes out of the broken savings-banks, and the top of their monument is expected to tower out of reach of the smells of the river.—*St. Louis Paper.*

It is reported that the administration is desirous of appointing some one from Pennsylvania to the English mission; but Secretary Evarts, it is said, has resolved "not to put men in high places who have not been able to attract public attention to themselves." How unfortunate that John S. Morton, the over-issue railway president, of Philadelphia, is not a Republican. He has succeeded in attracting a huge amount of attention to himself. It is not always the man who is best known that should be appointed to fill high positions, Mr. Evarts. There are scores of editors in this State, scarcely known ten miles from home, who are more capable of performing the duties of the English mission than men who have "attracted attention to themselves." [P.S.—We don't want the blame mission, understand.]—*Norristown Herald.*

"You cannot, oh day-star of my life," he pleaded, throwing himself at her feet; "you cannot refuse the rich exhaustless mine of love I pour out at your feet, you cannot turn away from the rare treasures of my heart's devotion that I cast before you, you cannot turn away from all this lavish wealth of heart and hand that is yours to take, and say me nay!" She couldn't and she didn't; it sounded too wealthy. That was nearly four years ago. Day before yesterday he gave her \$3.85 to run the house a week, and when she said she would have to have a new pair of shoes he raised the appropriation to an even dollar, and grumbled about woman's extravagance till he was out of hearing. Oh woman, woman, thou of the tender heart and trustful soul, if you don't scalp a man raw every time you get a chance, you are a little idiot, all the same.—*Hawkeye.*

"WHERE are the boys?" anxiously enquires a religious exchange. Why, bless your innocent soul, don't you know where they are? George is down cellar hooking choice eatables for school; Henry is in the back yard getting ready to blow himself up with a rusty gun; Alexander is indulging in a fight with a boy in the next house and getting his face built over into a German chromo; while William is being impelled wildly and vivaciously over the barn floor, the motive power being a trunk strap deftly wielded by the old man. That's where the boys are.—*Rockland Courier.*

A STORY is told of two New England deacons, between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day Deacon Smith appeared before his old enemy and solemnly said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that you must give in—for I cannot."—*Unidentified Ex.*



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